

Lamp Shade

They do not know its' tale—
one Fraulein ancestry bequeathed
& only slightly yellowing
through years of different homes
voyaging in fields, German-emerald.

What blood still feeds
those waving blades?
What face, Marguerite,
this light bulb glows from,
with a being luminous still
as your hands of silk
turning the sheet music,
taper-fingers bright
on clef lines?

Most days were so studious,
a young promise cashmere kept
the lamb of: supple, pink,
with kid gloves at night
after the lotion went on.

During recitals
just a little lipstick
was the one treat
& butterfly barrettes
pinning the neat brown hair.

Workers shaved that first,
ignoring stories
of how she was courageous
in the train, whispering
“Don't worry little one”,
to her brother, age four.

Gold star to gold star,
she held him so close
& then screamed “Bastards!”
when the rip-away came.

Later other laborers
marveled at how pliant she was,
the skin's elastic stretch,
its milk-pure hue
so snug on the rods,

another product well-done
from the factory of Mein Kampf
manufacturing these Jews
to useful household accessories.